

on this voyage, his labors among the Illinois, are known to every school boy. France, his native country, may well be proud of him who ranks as one of the greatest heroes of America.

A short time ago we beheld the tribute of a noble people to the worth of God's nobleman, Marquette. Bigots may rave, and miscreants seek to deface this latest acquisition to the graceful ornaments of our "National Hall of Statuary," but the memory of the Jesuit hero, enshrined in the hearts of an admiring people, can never be defaced or obliterated!

It may not be amiss to add the names of Madame de la Peltrie, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, and Venerable Margaret Bourgeois, whose piety and devotedness to the Indian cause have placed them in the first rank of the illustrious women of America.

Of such as these, men and women, are the pioneers who kindled the fires of the true religion on our shores. Others, adventurers and religious bigots, bringing naught but red ruin, rapine and the sword to the simple aborigines, have pages consecrated to the recital of their virtues on history's record. The true heroes are despatched with meagre mention, if indeed, they are referred to at all. Time does tardy justice to their worth, but justice it shall do. In the clear light of unprejudiced research, already beginning to shine forth in brightest lustre, the incomparable merits of these true messengers of the gospel of peace, who came, not in quest of gold or an asylum, where, enjoying religious liberty themselves, they could deny it to others, but who came bearing the olive branch of peace—to fulfill their mission "to preach the gospel to all nations," races and tribes—in a word, to lead the poor, untutored savage of the woods from his benighted state of nature up to the knowledge and love of nature's God. These are the true heroes.

The Angel of Purgatory.

HOW MANY SWEET REMINISCENCES THIS TITLE
RECALLS TO A CHRISTIAN MIND.

TO THE SACRED HEART.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Wound of the Sacred Heart,
In thee they fain would hide—
Tortured in every part,
Suffering though sanctified.
O by the cruel spear
Short may their durance be,
Faithful they were and dear;
Lord, let them rest with Thee!

Blood of the Sacred Heart,
Shed for them long ago,
With every fiery dart
Drop by drop softly flow!
O by that crimson tide
Short may their durance be,
Pardoned and purified,
Lord, let them dwell with Thee!

Love of the Sacred Heart,
Sweet Love, beyond compare,
How all supreme Thou art,
Touching them everywhere!
O by Thy saving grace
Short may their durance be;
Lord, let them see Thy face,
Lord, let them reign with Thee!

A PLEA FOR THE POOR SOULS.

It is said that at one time, in certain cities of Southern Europe, every Monday at midnight, a man in a black mantle issued from the parish church and proceeded through the city, carrying in his hand a wooden clapper which he sounded at every corner, crying in a slow, monotonous tone: "*Awake ye who sleep, and pray for the souls of the departed!*" If people needed such a solemn and emphatic reminder of their duty in the ages of faith, how much more we, in these degenerated days of skepticism, infidelity, and lax practice; though we fear it would require something more resonant and startling than wooden clappers to rouse us to a sense of our duty to the souls in Purgatory.

Do we, indeed, believe in the middle state of souls after death, where those